

Blue was the sky above our head.
And green the grass lay under foot;
The flowers their awesteet perfume shed.
And blushed the rose from stem to root
What time we wandered, hand in hand.
By country issues and fragrant walks,
In that dear, dim, enchanted land
Of love and light, and happy talks—
The land, you know,
Of Long Ago,
Where you were belie and I was beau.

The sunniest smile, the bonniest face,
That ever flushed at touch of lip;
The queenliest form in all the place,
Beyond a hope of rivalship;
The neattest foot that ever brushed
The dew from all the mountain heath
Were thine, Clarette, which time we cr
The purple grapes of life together—
That time, you know,
Long Long Ago,
When you were belle and I was beau.

Well, well, how fast the years have rolled!
Tis more than thirty, dear, since then:
And you—ahem!—are stout and old,
And I the goutiest of men.
We have been all these years apart—
You did me cruel wrong, Clarette—
But still a fluttering at my heart
Attests I do not quite forget
The love, you know,
Of Long Ago.
When you were belle and I was beau.

A NURSERY OF NOTABLES.

'be Western Reserve in Ohio-The Home of Giddings, John Brown, Gardeld, and W. D. Howells-The Benl Author of the Book of Mormon-A Romance of Mormon Bule-The Home of Bru Wade-The Great Strong-hold of Republicanism in Ohio.

[Correspondence of the Inter Ocean.] ASHTABULA, OHIO, Sept. 5, 1876. This staid, thrifty, pious old County of Ash-tabula has been called

A NURSERY FOR NOTABLES.

at Harper's Ferry. And they were not the only martyrs that Ashtabula County furnished for

this great cause. The Lovejoys once lived here, and many others, whose bodies lay dead on the

MORMONISM KNEW ITS PIST ORGANIZATION HERE.

skirmish line of the irrepressible conflict.

SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

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VOLUME XX.—NUMBER 23.

Choice Boetry.

THE PALL CRICKET. BT REV. T. HEMPSTRAD.

Two little gauny wings
Making a lonely sound;
A mournful voice that sings
Of earth's departing things,
Along the dasky ground.

When twilight, cool and gray, Creeps o'er the purple hills. That lone, monotonous lay, From pear or far away, The broading silence thrills. From yonder hillside sere, Faint in an orange sky, From masture for or near

Centuries and Centuries—
A thretody the same,
As, ere in any breeze,
Waved Mariposa's trees,
Or great Columbus came

The youth is in its tomb;
That pleasant dream is o'er;
To thee its strength will come,
For thee its roses bloom; Gone is the rosy light That over all things lay, That over all things lay,

G avea, graves, a world of graves We cannot walk or stand; Graves where the sunshine laves

Graves in the grassy dell, Sadder within the soul; A mean in the air, a knell, In the heart a midnight bell, Making a deep, dull toll.

Is the cast and west,

The lone graves of our love;
Across the peaceful breast
Are weary hands at rest;
And the stars shine on above.

A restless wind that moans Over a land of tombs. Drifting the crumbled bones Of those who sat on thrones; A stir of funeral plumes.

Dear eyes, sweet faces lean Across the withered years; Faces no longer seen, For yonder mounts of green, Dim through our falling tears.

So, in the haunted night,
The singer sings to me.
While all the hills are bright,
And the moon, like a galley white,
Is plowing a silent sea.

Select Story.

MR. WOODBRIDGE'S INVESTMENT.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

The fiery crimson of the stormy November sunset was staining all the hills with its lurid glare—the wind, murmuring restlessly among the dead leaves that lay heaped over the woodvoice. But the autumnal melancholy without, only served to heighten the cheerfulness of the rowing wood fire whose ruddy glow danced and quivered over the rough refers of Farmer Woodbridge's spacious old kitenen, sparkling on the polished surface of tin platters and glimmering brasses, and sending a long stream of radiance through the uncurtained windows out upon the darkening road.

darkening road.

"Yes, as I was sayin' afore," observed the old farmer, rubbing his toil-hardened hands together, and gazing thoughtfully into the fire, "it has been a capital harvest, this year. I wouldn't ask for a better. So, wife, you just pick out some of them yellow pippins and out them into Jessie's little basket before she calls for it."

"Won't the little red 'ans do as well f I calculated to keep them pippins for market. Squire B. nson says they're worth, in town—

'I don't care what they're worth," interrupted the farmer, as his helpmate, a square, angular womar, with a face plowed with innumerable lines of care, fingered the yellow-cheeked apples dubiously; "I tell you what it is, Ketury—folks never yet lost anything by doing a kind act. I never could make you believe it; unless the pay comes in hard cash, you consider it all thrown away! Now, here is Jessie Moreton, as likely a girl as ever breathed pure air, teaching school day in and day out, rain or shine, and her

thrown away! Now, here is Jessie Moreton, as likely a girl as ever breathed pure air, teaching school day in and day out, rain or shine, and her mother, sewing day and night at home, trying to earn an honest living by the hardest drudgery; and don't you suppose these few apples will be worth more to them, if given with a kind word, than they would be to that pesky tight-fisted agent, up at Hardwich Hall, if he gave a dollar a bushel for them!"

"Charity begins to hum," said Keturah, jerking out the supper table with an odd twist of the face. "Not but that Jessie's well enough—but you'd a plaguey sight better scratch your pennies together to pay up that mortgage, if you don't want the Hardwich agent foreclosing on you. And them pippins is just as good as so much money. There they be, anyhow, in the basket—one of your investments, I guess."

"One of my investments, then, if you like to call it so, Ketury," said the honest old farmer, with a good-humored laugh, which hanished the gloomy expression that had overspread his face when his wife alluded to the mortgage. "Come along in, Jessy, my girl," he added cheerily, as a light knock sounded on the door. "Here's the basket, all right, and some of them pippins tucked into it. Maybe they'll tempt your mother's appetite."

Jessie Moreton was a slender, graceful girl, of

basket, all right, and some of them pippins tucked into it. Maybe they'll tempt your mother's appetite."

Jessie Moreton was a sleuder, graceful girl, of about seventeen Summers, with a large forehead, chestnut hair, full, liquid eyes, and cheeks which farmer Woodbridge said always "set him to thinking of them Jarsey peaches that grew on the tree in the south meadow;" and she had a gossl practical education. She lifted the little basket with a graceful smile, that went, even, to the missrly heart of Mrs. Keturah Woodbridge.

"Ob, Mr. Woodbridge, how kind von always are to us! If I were only rich—if I could only make some return—"

"Don't you say a word about that," replied the farmer, rubbing his face very hard. "Just run home as fast as you can, for it is growing dark fast, and the November winds are not said to be particularly healthy for young ladies. And, Jessie, if it rains in the morning, so you can't go to school handy, just stop here, and I will give you a lift in my wagon."

"Dear old Mr. Woodbridge," soliloquized Jessie to herself, as her light feet pattered aloag on the fallen leaves, "how many, many times, I have had cause to thank his generous heart. And to think that he should be so distressed about that mortgage by the agent at Hardwich Hall."

"This is the Eldon road," said Jessie, all un-conscious that the last gleams of the fading day were lighting up her fair, innocent face with an almost angelic beauty, as she stood there among

the thickly fallen leaves.

"And can you tell me the shortest foot-path to Hardwich Hall? I have not been in this neighborhood since I was a little child, and I am completely at fault." sitated a moment. "I could show you better than I can tell you, for it is rather a com-plicated road," she said; "and if you will ac-cept my services as guide, it will not be much

pincated road," she said; "and if you will accept my services as guide, it will not be much out of my way."

"I shall feel very much honored," said the stranger. "Meantime, let me carry your basket."

It was a wild and lovely walk, winding among moss-garlanded trees and hollows, sweet with the aromatic incense of dying leaves. Jessie could not help admiring the chivalrie manners and polished courtesy of her companion, and he was more than pleased with the blooming loveliness and girlish dignity of his young guide. A few adroit questions respecting Hardwich Hall and its neighboroood, sufficed to draw from Jessie a spirited abstract of the character of the Hardwich agent, and the impositions he was wont to practice upon the tenants and neighbors, as well as an arch description of most of the "characters" thereabouts. Then he continued to learn all about Jessie's little school, and her ailing mother; and he smiled to himself, in the twilight, to observe the pride of her mien, when she alluded to the high position from which unforseen reverses had compelled her mother to descend.

"Then" she said anddedly pressing with a

descend.
"Then," she said, suddenly pausing, with a feeling, as if she had been almost too communicative, "if we could only cross yonder lawn, the gates are close by; but we shall have to go a quarter of a mile around."

quarter of a mile around."
"Why?" asked the stranger.
"Mr. Talcott will not allow travellers to cro ere—he says it is private property."
"I fancy I shall dare Mr. Talcott's wrath," said the gentleman, laughing, as he pushed open the wire gate that defended the forbidden space. "It is perfectly absurd to make people go a quarter of a mile out of the way, for a mere whim."

They had scarcely entered the enclosure, when an unlooked for object prefented itself, in the shape of the redoubtable Talcott himself, who was prowling over the grounds, on the qui rire for trespassers.

"Hallo, here!" growled he; "just turn back if you please. This isn't the public thorough-fare."

The stranger held Jessie's arm under his own a little tighter, as if to repress her evident inclination to "beat a retreat." He was disposed to

nation to "beat a retreat." He was disposed to maintain his position.

"I don't see any reasonable cause why we shouldn't go ahead," he said, pertinaciously. "There is a path here, and I suppose it was made to walk on."

"Not for you," said the agent, contemptnonsly; "so go back as fast as you can?"

"Is it possible that people are made to travel a circuitous and unpleasant route, for no other earthly reason than your caprices, sir!" asked the gentleman, looking down at the shrivelled little man, from the attitude of his six feet, with a kind of laughing scorn. "Did it ever occur to

little man, from the attitude of his six feet, with a kind of laughing scorn. "Did it ever occur to you, my friend, that others had rights and conveniences as well as yourself!"

"Can't help their rights—nothing to me," snarled the agent, planting himself obstinately, in the path. "I forbid all passing here!"

"But I suppose Mr. Everard Hardwich may have the privilege of crossing his own land!" persisted the stranger, still presenting the half-contemptuous smile that had from the beginning of the interview made the agent so uncomfortable.

with consternation.
"Mr. Hardwich—sir—I did not know—we did

"Mr. Hardwich—sir—I did not know—we did not expect—"

"No—I know you didn't, my good man. Be so kind as to step aside, and allow me to pass with the lady. Miss Jessie, don't forget that I need your services a few minutes yet. When we reach the house, I will prolong my walk to your cottage. Nay, don't shrink away from me—are we not very good friends!"

"The prettiest girl I ever saw in my life!" was his internal comment, as he at length parted from her at the little gate, where "burning bushes" and dark green ivy were trained together with all a woman's taste.

The Christmas snows lay white and deep on the farm-house caves—the Christmas logs crack-led on the hearth, where Mr. Woodbridge still gazed dreamily into the glowing cinders, and Mrs. Keturah's knitting needles clicked with electric speed.

"That mortgage bothers me—it bothers me,"

Mrs. Keturah's knitting-needles clicked with electric speed.

"That mortgage bothers me—it bothers me," he murmered, almost plaintively. "Well, I s'pose it ain't no use fretting; but I had thought to live and die in the old place where my father did afore me. The Lord's will be done, though. Somehow things hain't prospered with me—I don't seem to get along."

"You'd ha' got along well enough, I guess," responded Keturah, who belonged supercuinently to that class of people known as "Job's comforters," if you only looked after p's and q's, as I told you. You alwas was too free-handed, and now you see what it's brought ye tew."

"Well, well, Ketury, we never did think alike on some things," returned the old man. "Let's talk about a pleasant subject. What do you think about our little school-ma'am's marrying young Mr. Hardwich to-morrow? Didn't I always tell you that Jessie Moreton was born to be a lady? I may be onlinky myself, but, anyhow, I am glad to hear of little Jessie's luck."

"You'd a great deal better keep your sympathy for yourself," growled Keturah. "What's other folks' luck to you, I'd like to know? There—some one's knocking at the door—see who it it."

asme one's knocking at the door—see who it it!"

It was a little note, brought by one of the school boys, lately under Jessie's care.

"Where's my glasses? I can't see as I once could. Shove the candle this way, will you, Ketury!" And fitting his brass-bowed spectacles upon his nose, the old man unfolded the note, and read, in Jessie's delicate chirography:

"Do not let that mortgage disturb your Christmas day, to-morrow, dear father Woodbridge. It will never haunt your hearthstone again. Mr. Hardwich will send you the papers soon, to destrey. This is Jessie's Christmas present. I have not forgotten those 'golden pippins,' nor all the other kindnesses."

"Aha, wife!" said the old man, smiling, and trying to brush away, unseen, the big tears that would come; "what do you think of my investments, now!"

Keturah's reply was neither elegant, nor, strictly speaking, grammatical, but it was significant. She said simply:

"Well, I never!"

The election excitement of the past few days, is not without its parallel. In 1844, the earlier returns from the State of New York indicated that the State had gone for Mr. Clay, assuring his election, and the Whigs had great rejoicing over the supposed victory. The next day brought the news from that part of New York west of Caynga Bridge, showing unexpected gains for the Democrats, and assuring the election of Mr. Polk by about 5,000 majority. Those who had rejoiced soon became mourners, while the mourners.

she passed for a moment, to look up to where the stately roofs and gables of the Hall rose darkly outlined against the evening sky. On a commanding height, and nearly hidden by tall trees, many of which still retained their brilliant Autumn foliage, stood the ancient house, looking like an old baronial eastle."

"There it stands," she said, "shut up and silent, year after year, its magnificent rooms untenanted, the flowers blossoming ungathered in its conservatories. Since Mrs. Hardwich diedtwenty years ago—the family have been abroad, mother says, and now their only surviving heir is travelling, no one knows where. I wonder if he knows br.w grasping and cruel his agent is 7. Oh, dear," she added softly—"money does not slow ays come where it is most needed. If I were "he mistress of Hardwich Hall—"

She started with a slight scream, the next instant, as a tall figure rose up from a mossy boulder by the roadside, directly in front of her.

"Polk by about 5,000 majority. Those who had rejoiced soon became mourners, while the mourners had their turn of rejoicing. So disappointed were the Whigs, that some of them threatened to mob the Boston Allas office, becames the favorable news, on which the first estimate was based, came by special express to that paper.

An Operator's Device.—Now we have a piece of news, and as it comes over the wires from Troy, of course it must be reliable. It is this: The manager of one of the telegraph offices, anxions to smit both parties, has had printed on a large card, "Tilden elected," and on the other side, "Hayes elected." When he gets a Demo-cratic measage, he displays "Tilden elected," on the builtein-board, and when he recives a Republican majority, he flops the card over, and electrifies the andience with "Hayes elected." He flops it every thirty minutes, whether he gets any news or not.—Saratogian.

On a street in Syracuse, N. Y., may be seen a tree weich seems to be a sycamore at the trunk, but at fifteen feet above the ground, it branches out into two great limbs, one of syc

Miscellaup.

PRAIRIE FIRES.

The Autumn frost begins to blight, But here and there late blossoms lin The maple leaves are glowing bright, Red painted all by Autumn's finger. The birds are gone; the chill wind grieves Among the dry and withered grasses. And showers of gold and scarlet leaves It flings from every tree it passes.

But, see, a spark has fallen there, Among the grasses of the prairie; And, high and higher in the air, The flames are leaping, light and airy.

Now, farmers, guard your hearded grain; The flames are wider, flercer growing; And, urging on the flery train, The raging wind is wildly blowing.

The sun sinks low, the waning light Is fading fast from hills and meadows. The night, so strangely, grandly bright. Mautles the earth in fittal shadows.

Now flercer still the wild winds blow— The sky the flery color catches; And brighter yet the red flames glow, And wide the blackened prairie stretches. AMONG THE TOMBS.

The Old Congressional Cemetery at Washing-ton—One of the Most Interesting Spots in that City of Mintorical Scenes and Incidents —Singular Epitaphs on Crambilag Grave-

ondence of the Inter Ocean WASHINGTON, April 11, 1876. One of the most interesting spot: in this city f historical scenes and incidents is

THE OLD CONGRESSIONAL CEMETERY, THE OLD CONGRESSIONAL CEMETERY,
which lies about three miles east of the city, on
the east bank of what is known as the Anacostia
River, or the east branch of the Potomac. It is
seldom visited by strangers, because it is a long
drive, and the road thither is in a chronic state
of muddiness. The soil is clay, and when once
moistened never dries. In the dustiest days of
midsummer, if one wants to throw a little mud,
he can ulways find it down there. The grounds
are in no way beautiful by nature, although art
has been applied with a reasonable degree of
success in arranging the plats and terraces and
winding walks.

success in arranging the plats and terraces and winding walks.

It is called the Congressional Cemetery, not because it belongs to Congress or the Government, but because, many years ago, a custom was established to place a memorial stone within the euclosure, to the honor of every man who died in Congress, and there are long lines of square, free-stone cenotaphs, whitewashed with ordinary lime water, which looks as if there had been a great many deaths in Congress, and with ordinary lime water, which looks as if there had been a great many deaths in Congress, and a very small amount of money appropriated for the purpose of honoring the dead. Very few Congressmen are buried nere. Washington contains the graves of many distinguished men, but their dust is divided among the different cemeteries; but prior to 1830, this was the only cemetery in town, and the great men who died before that date, had their bones laid in the Anacostian clay. costian clay.

The cemetery belongs to

THE EPISCOPAL PARISH OF ST. JOHN'S. the episcopal parish of St. John S, the oldest religious organization in the city, formed in 1794, as a branch of the Church of England. The first editice was built near the navy yard, and is now standing and in use for public service—a queer little old building with a tile roof. The inside has been renovated and materially altered from the original plan, but the outside, with the exception of a few repairs, has never been changed. Here Wathington and the outside, with the exception of a few repairs, has never been changed. Here Wathington and Jefferson attended for a time, while they were in the city, although Washington's regular place of worship was at Christ's Church, Alexandria, where his pew, and the Bible and psalm-book, and the prayer-book he used are still shown to pilgrims to this Mecca, upon the payment of a small subsidy to the sexton in charge. In 1800, after the White House had been built, and the aristocratic portion of the population began to settle around it, it became necessary to have a temple of worship more convenient than the navy yard, and Latrobe, the architect of the Capitol, designed a new building for the parish of St. Johns, which now stands, as it was originally erected, at the corner of Sixteenth and H streets, across Lafayette Square from the White House, and nearly adjoining the Arlington Hotel. It is built of brick imported from England, and the outside is covered with a sort of stucco work, of cement and coarse gravel. This has always been, and still is, the aristocratic place of worship, and the congregation has been confined exclusively to a small circle of dignitaries and the "first families," who have, to use a slang phrase, "frozen out" the "oi polloi" and the "oi barbaroi" of the nation from its sacred walls. Washington frequently attended here, and all the sons of the "Mother of Presidents" have found this little chapel, which will not seat 200 people, the Mecca of their souls. Virginians—the "F. F. V.'s"—are

frequently attended here, and all the sons of the "Mother of Presidents" have found this little chapel, which will not seat 200 people, the Mecca of their souls. Virginians—the "F. F. V.'s"—are nearly always Episcopalians. They cling to the bones and traditions of the church, and the remnants of the old aristocracy that are now left—the Randolphs, the Tuckers, and the Lees, all attend worship here. The service is ritualistic, and the sermous are very short.

President Lincoln, who, as everybody knows, was a very reverent man, although a foe to forms, once uttered a characteristic bon mot about St. John's Church. Some one came to him one day with an application for office, indorsed by a large number of highly respectable and well-known aristocrats. He read the document through, wrote on a little card an order for the appointment applied for, and the gentleman started to leave. Mr. Lincoln called him back, and handing him his application and indorsements, remarked:

"You'd better take those with you, my friend; they will be useful if you ever want to join St. John's Church."

than any other elergyman in town.

THE CONGRESSIONAL CEMETERY
belongs to the parish of St. John's, and every few
years a small appropriation is made by Congress
to pay the expenses of the erection of the cenotaphs I have described. The eldest tombstone
bears the date of 1894. Near the entrance is a
massive monument, which covers the bones of
George Clinton, of New York, who was Vice
President of the United States during Jefferson's
and Madison's administrations, and died in 1811,
while presiding over the Senate. He was one of
the signers of the Declaration of Independence.
Near him lies Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts,
his colleague in the Continental Congress, and
his successor in the Vice Presidency, who died
in the second year of his term. They were intimate friends all through their lives, stood side by
side in the Revolutionary contest, and when the
angel of resurrection calls them, they will stand
together again on the yellow clay of the Anacostia. Both monuments were erected by order of
Congress, in 1820. John Forsythe, once Secretaay of State; Commodore Montgomery, once Commander-in-Chief of the navy; Commodore Tingey, who had command of the American aquadrou during the Algerine war; William Wirt,
Attorney General from 1817 to 1829; Alexander
McComb, Commander-in-Chief of the army from
1806 to 1811; and Jacob Brown, his successor,
are all buried in a group around the graves of
George Clinton and Elbridge Gerry. Near them
s the grave of Pus-ma-ta-ha, or the white man's
friend, an Indian chief famous for his friendship
and faithful alliance to Washington during the
Indian war preceding the Revolution.

In this neighborhood is

A SINGULAR EPITAPH,
almost effaced, which was carved in a slab of THE CONGRESSIONAL CEMETERY

A SINGULAR EPITAPH,

reestone in 1811. It reads:

I. H. S.
In memory of
HEXET CLAIG.
who departed his life on Jan. 21, 1811, aged 63 years.
Also
of
ALICE,
his wife,
who followed him hence April 28, 1811,
aged 70 years.
both satives of ireland,
Lies hear.
Doar wife and children, for me don't weep,
I am not dead, but hear do floop—
Under thif foliol lamp of clay,
Until the referection day. Amen.

Another stone of the same sort stands near the above, with the following inscription:

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1876.

Here lies interred William Swinten, Singecutter, ornament to the world and an honor to his profession He was born in Ireland, and died at Washington, April 11, 1807, aged 48.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is Here lies the body of George Washington Sanderson, The son of William and Maria Sanderson Who departed the life Jan. 5th. 1899. Aged 2 years, 10 months, 21 days. Weep not for me, my parents dear, 1 am not dead, but sleeping here. Oue day shall come when I shall rise To see my Savior in the skiss. My life was short, my grave you see, Prepare for death and follow me.

A very pretty epitaph attracted my attention.

There was no date on the stone, which was very small and very old, and it was with difficulty that I could make out the inscription. Simply this:

Maria Potts,
Aged 2 years.

Here lief a rofe—a budding rofe.
Blafted before itf bloom,
Whofe innocence did freest difclofe
Beyond the flowerf perfume.
To those who for her loff are grieved
This confolation gives. This confolation given, She from a world of woe relieved Doef bloom a rose in Heaven.

In the northern portion of the cemetery

TOBIAS LEAR,

the private secretary and confidential friend of Washington, lies buried. He was a graduate of Harvard College, and assisted in raising troops for the Revolutionary army in Massachusetts. In this duty he was thrown into the immediate presence of Washington, as soon as he came to take command of 'ae armies, and an attachment sprang up when lasted nutil the death of Washington, who liberally remembered Lear in his will. He was the constant companion of Washington throughout the war, and his Presidency, and had immediate charge of his private affairs. After Washington's death, he was sent as Consul to Algiers, and made the treaty of peace with Tripoli. After his return, he became an accountant in the War Department, where he remained un til his death, in 1826. It was his wish to be buried at Mount Vernou, by the side of Washington, but there was some objection by the State of Virginia, which then owned the property, and his remains were buried in the Congressional Cemetery. His epitaph is simple, and is this: TOBIAS LEAR.

TOBIAS LEAR,
Private Secretary to George Washington, a nd for twenty
years a member of his family.
Born at Portsmouth, N. H., 1760,
Died at Washington, D. C., 1826.

Born at Portsmonth, N. H., 1760, Died at Washington, D. C., 1828.

There was a great deal of discussion about the burial of Lear. Many people insisted that his remains should be placed in the family burial ground at Mount Vernon; that it would be Washington's wish, if he were alive; and that it was a deaire Lear expressed frequently throughout his life and immediately before his death. But Virginia objected to the depositing of common clay upon the soil that wrapped George Washington, although he loved it. This desire of servants to be buried beside their masters is historical, and an anecdotte is told of Louis XV. of France, that is appropos. Souvre was an old commander that Louis loved and made an intimate and confidential companion.

"Souvre," said he to him one day, "you are getting old and mast soon die. Where would you like to be buried?"

"At the foot of your Majesty's grave, sire," was the reply.

ANDREW JACKSON'S FRIEND AND SECRETARY. "Old Hickory," under the shadow of the Hermitage, near Nashville. He was buried there by President Jackson's order, and his epitaph was written by Jackson himself. I saw the grave in 1874, when at Nashville, and copied the words on

In memory
of
R. E. W. Earl, artist,
the friend and companion
General Jackson,
who died
at the Hermitage,
16th September, 1837.

Several members of Lear's family are buried near him. In the same neighborhood is the grave of Abel P. Usher, Secretary of the Navy in 1841, and Secretary of State in 1843, who was killed by the bursting of a gun on the frigate Prince-ton in 1844. Captain Kennan, who commanded the frigate, and who was the host of an excursion party at the time, is buried by the side of Usher, and their names are intermingled on the same monument—a massive matble shaft:

BEVERLY P. KENNAN.

The lamented men who lie together
Beneath this stone, were united by the
Tice of friendship, which commenced in
Youth, and experienced no interruption
Till the awful moment when the fives
Of both were terminated by the explosion
of a great gun on the frigate Princeton,
1644.

A few paces off stands the monument of Joseph Lovell, Surgeon General of the army in 1836; and the monument of Major General George Gibson, Commissary General of the army at the breaking out of the war. The graves of the Wainright family, nearly all of them distinguished naval officers, occupy a large lot, and Alexauder Bache, Superintendent of the Coast Survey from its organization till 1867, occupies a tomb near by. There is a very handsome monument, representing a broken mast of a ship, and ment, representing a broken mast of a ship, and covered with different engineering designs, erect-to the memory of George Bache, the sou of the above, and his associates, officers of the Coast

John's Church."
To be married before the altar of St. John's is a certificate of aristocracy that many young couples like to start out in life with, and the presiding rector gets more large wedding fees than any other elergyman in town.

THE CONGRESSIONAL CEMETERY

is occupied by very sld graves, and I found many singular inscriptions, moss-covered and half effaced, on the tombatones. There is a broken show that any other elergyman in town.

THE CONGRESSIONAL CEMETERY

Indirent." The other reads
fa Memory
of
Jong Logan,
Native of Ayrabire, Scotland
Who died August 15, 1825,
Aged 16 yearn.
Also,
His Grandese,
JOHN W. GILLOT,
Who died October 11, 1844,
Aged 6 years.
Stop, passenger, as you pass by

Happy soul thy days are ended;
All thy mourning here below,
Go by angel guards attended,
Go to Jesus, go.
On the gravestone of a member of the Masonic fraternity, is the following peculiar inscription:

I've been tried upon the level,
I've been tried upon the square,
I've been tried upon the square,
I've borne the heavy burdens
That each man has got to bear;
But through the mercy infinite,
And the Lamb for sinners alain,
I trust that I'll be ready
To be tried on high again.

of the inclosure is a noble monument, erected by the Government to the memory of the girls who were killed by an explosion at the arsnal, in 1963, where they were employed, making cartridges.

In the arrangement of the Congressional central contains, which stand in parallel rows, there have been some singular accidents. That erected to the memory of Preston Brooks, who beat Charles Sumner, on account of an anti-slavery speech, stands between those of Thaddeus Stevens and Owen Lovejoy.

CURTIS.

The Corners Get the News of Tilden's Ricc-tion - The Effect Upon Phat Virtuous Com-

CONFEDRIT X ROADS, WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY, Nov. 9, 1876.

We've got it! I waz so egsited about the elec

We've got it! I wuz so egsited about the elecshun—so anyshus that, after votin for Tilden and
Reform four times in Injeany, I cam strate to
Looisville, and the moment we got the noose that
Tilden hed kerried Noc York and Connetticut, I
took the train back to Seceshunville, and found
ther Bascom's mule, wich I cood ride over to the
Corners. Bascom is considerate uv me—I owe
him too much for him to be anything else.

Hed I a pen dipped in livin lite, I condent describe the ecstacy uv our peeple when I told em
that Tilden and Reform hed kerried the day, and
that henceforth we shood live under a Dimocratic administrashen. Deekin Pogram sot down and
cried with joy. "Bascon," sed he, two streems
makin ther way down his cheeks, makin little
furrows ex they run, and droppin off the tip uv
his nose. "G. W., ef my credit is good for anything, set em up. I feel ez ef I cood give yoo a
third morgage on my place. I shel live to lick a
nigger agin."

An it waz set up. Cautain McPolter, Issaker

anigger agin."

An it wuz set up. Captain McPelter, Issaker Gavitt, Squire M'Grath, and the rest uv em come in, and Bascom, in his delirious joy, sot a barl on tap, and refoszed to charge a thing.

The noose affected the different classes uv our populashen differently. The niggers all went home ez soon ez they heerd the intelligence, and barricaded ther houses. Pollock and Bigler put up the shetters on his store immejitly, and I notist uv em loadin up wat firearms they hed.

That staggered me, for I did some clame biz-nis in Washinton myself, doorin Jonson's, time, and I knowd the processes. I onbesitatinly ad-vised our peeple to make out ther bills large enuff, and sell em, wich they finally agreed to do, and we sot about makin' uv em out:

do, and we sot about makin' uv em out:
Issaker Gavitt, for hosses taken by John
Morgan, in consekence uv Fedral invaabun, and a assortment nv farm produx consoomed by six Fedral soljers
wich campt one nite on his place.
Capt. McPelter, for mules, corn, and two
barls uv whisky left in his distillery,
while he wuz with John Morgan, and
other property wich he cooden't remember.
Deekin Pogram, for sevrel lenths uv rale
fence, a lot uv sweet potatern, and
other property used by five Fedral pikkits.

Aged M years.

Also,
His Grandees.
Jonn W Gittor.
Who died October 11, 1944.
Asy on are now so once was 1.
Asy on are now so once was 1.
Stop, passenger, as you pass by.
As you are now so once was 1.
Some time. Propers to follow me.
Susan Stanbury, who died in 1810, has the following memorial:

Prall marble.
Seek not to tell what made this name so fragrant upon earth. That is a joy which the Oreat Master haareserved for Rimself in Heaven.
Susan Gaddis, whe died of dropsy, in 1812, has the following touching stanza upon her tombs atone:

Afflictions serve,
Long she bore,
Doctors were in vain
Till Ged did please
The following interpition above them in large letters:

"INEXORABLE DEATH'S DOINGS."

A "sentiment" which is inscribed on the tounbstone of Mary Varden, who died in 1817, is very peculiar:

The congulal tear shall spackle in the eye of sympathy, and her virtnees will be cheriabed in the ware mosens of her frieeds.

I found this same sentiment on three other stones with about the same dates. Thomas Reynolds' grave is marked with a very small free stone slab, with the following, earved beneath the name and statistical information:
Deer, honored mint, this stone receives.
The all year metalized in the ware mosens on the stone, divided by an ornamental darb, as follows: It will be noticed that two is a standance of poetical tribotes. There are two stances of poe

IN THE WESTERN PORTION

| From the Toledo Blade. THE NASBY LETTERS.

A NUISERY FOR NOTABLES,
because so many famous men have been reared
within her borders. But it has not only been a
nursery for famous men, but a nursery for famous ideas also. It has been a propagating
house for all the piety, thrift, reforms, and fanaticisms for which the "Western Reserve" of
Ohio has been noted; for, being the oldest settied country on the Reserve, it stood for many
years as god-mother to all the settlements along
the lake shore and in Central Ohio. Aboli. nism grew here, under the fostering influence of
Elisha Whittlesley and Joshua R. Giddings, as it
grew no where else in the nation. Old O.a.v.atomie Brown lived under the shadow of its borders, and kept a "supply store" in Summit Counders, and kept a "supply store" in Summit County, where he saved the money and reared the family of sons that were sacrificed in Kansas and

bome ez soon ez they heerd the intelligence, and barricaded ther houses. Pollock and Bigler put up the shetters on his store immejitly, and I notist uve un loadin up wat firearms they hed. The nigger postmaster abandoned his posishen, and went into Pollock's store, and the nigger collecter went out into the country with his books and papers.

They hed no need uv doin it, however. The Dimocrisy uv the Corners hed more important biznis on hand than reassertin ther rites over a lot uv degraded niggers, and still more degradid carpit-baggers. We kin attend to them at any time.

Issaker Gavitt and Captain McPelter hed biznis in ther eye, and they wuz eager to git at it. This "cave," which is near the shore of Lake Ther wuz a spekilater from Loasville present, was frequently visited for many years after by was frequently was frequently was frequently was frequently

Ther waz a spekilater from Looisville present, wich hed come down ez soon ez he got the news av the loyal peeple av the Corners agnat the Gineral Gaverment for property destroyed by Link un's hirelins door in the late fratraidle straggle, and he hed made a offer to take em all at thirty cents on the dollar. The question to be considered waz wether we shood take this offer, or trust to our own representatives to collect em.

Mr. Smithers, the spekilater, told us that it wood cost us more than eighty per cont. to collect em, anyhow. He warned us that the Dimocrisy hed spent over four millions to carry the eleckshun, and that wood hev to come out uv these clames first. Then, ther waz the agents wich would hev to hev ther slice, the members therselves wich wood take ther bites, the heds av departments, and ther favorites, wich wood hev to hev ther divvya, and so on, till, by the time the claimant got his money, it wood be shaved down to a mere nothin.

We laft at him, and remarked that we cood make the claimes large enuff to kiver all these things, and in that way git wat was comin to us. "Gentlemen," see he, "perhaps yoo don't know that ther will be in Washinton, immejitly, the entire gang that waz with Jonson. No matter how big yoor clame is, yoo won't git ez much ez I offer yoo. Do yoo want em to go throe the hands uy Mrs. Cobb and sich?"

That staggered me, for I did some clame biznis in Washinton myself, doorin Jonson's, time,

kita. 20,000

I put in a clame for time lost in avoidin Fedrel forces, and for gineral anguish doorin that terrible five yeers, to the amount nv \$10,000, and Bascom put in his bill for \$10,000 for the absence uv the peeple uv the Corners five days, while the town wuz okkepied by rebel troops. The other citizens come in and put in bills for ther losses, wich footid up, after we hel doktered em, to suthin over \$200,000. We hed a grate deel uv trubble, for the citizens is ignerent. Why, men come in wich hed lost some fence, with bills for \$20! Sich we put up to \$1,000, or \$2,000, ez the case mite be, that ther mite be some show for gittin authin.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1,011. LONG AGO. BY JOHN FRAZIER.

The late E. B. Ward, of Detroit, was a native and for a long time a resident of Ashtabula. He married two of his many wives in this County, the last, who has been considerably mixed up in the scandal arising out of the litigation over his will, being a Miss Lyne, of Conneant. In his will, Ward provided for his wives' relatives handsomely.

will, Ward provided for his wives related handsomely.

The Hon. George W. Julian, or "Gentle Julia," as he is known in Washington, from his well-known advocacy of woman suffrage schemes, is a native of Ashtabula, and married the daughter of Joshua R. Giddings.

P. H. Watson, Assistant Secretary of War, Receiver of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad, and lately President of the Eric Road, lives in Ashtabula, in a magnificent residence

harroad, and lately rresident of the Eric Road, lives in Ashtabula, in a magnificent residence surrounded by spacious grounds.

The silver-tongued J. C. Barronghs, ex-Congressman, of Michigan, was born and brought up here, and for a long time taught the village school.

A GOOD ATMOSPHERE FOR GREATNESS. These are only a few of the many prominent men who look back to Ashtabula as the nursery of their youth, and the singularly large number are pointed out by the residents here with a pride they do not desire to conceal. They say the air is good for greatness; that there is a peculiar element in the atmosphere on which these Cæsars have fed that they have grown so great.

Ashtabula County is the great stronghold of Republicanism in Ohio. Hayes had a majority of 6,000 in this District in 1875, and in 1872 Genof 6,000 in this District in 1875, and in 1872 General Garfield was elected by a majority of nearly 11,000. Singularly enough, although the district has been represented in Congress for fifty-four years, the Representative has been changed only three times. Elisha Whittlesey served sixteen coosecutive years; Joshua R. Giddings served twenty consecutive years; John C. Hutchius served four years, and James A. Garfield will complete his fourteenth year in a few months.

Gatfield is very popular here, and deservedly so. The other day he was manimously renomi-nated without a ballot, the only dissension in nated without a ballot, the only dissension in the convention being over the privilege of proposing his name. Three Counties demanded it as their right, and a dozen men in each County insisted that it was their particular privilege to place him in nomination. They quarreled over it in caucus all one evening, and in the convention the next day there was such a terrible struggle to get the floor, that the business of the convention was completed before the body was organized, and the Congressman nominated really before the permanent officers were elected. Garfield was present and made a tremendous speech, and the convention adjourned with a promise to give him a bigger majority than ever before. Early in the season there was an attempt to forestall Garfield, not from any disaffection in the party ranks, nor from any disaffection in the party ranks, nor from any disaffection in the party ranks, nor from any disaffection in tempt to forestall Garfield, not from any disaffection in the party ranks, nor from any disaffection in the party ranks, nor from any disaffection with him, but from the usual and natural jealousy in localities. Garfield comes from Geanga County. Ashtabula being the largest County, thought it ought to have the Congressman, although it had selected him for thirty-sig years out of the fifty-four the district has been represented, and a movement was made in favor of a brilliant young lawyer named Northway; but Garfield's personal popularity, his national prominence, his leadership of the House of Representatives since Blaine left, and his emirent fitness overshadowed all local jealousies, and Ashtabula came in manimously for him with the rest.

CURTIS.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE. And the Laws Relating to the Counting of the

The Constitution (Art. 2, Sec. 1.) provides that "each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled," &c. Also that "The Congress may determine the time of choosing the electors, and the day on which they shall give their votes, which day shall be the same throughout the United States.

The twelfth amendment provides that the electors shall "meet in their respective States and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President, one of whom shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves," and, again, "That they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and of the number of votes for each; which lists they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the President of the Senate. The President of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes for President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed," atc.

The following regulations will be found in the revised statutes of the United States, as adopted from the original acts of 1722 and 1807:

SEC. 136. It shall be the duty of the Executive of each State to case three lists of the names of the electors of such State to be made and certified, and to be delivered to the electors on or before the day on which they are required, by the preceding section, to meet. Lies—merely a chasm overhung with rocks—was frequently visited for many years after by reverential pilgrims of the Mormon faith.

Mrs. Spaulding, after her husband's death, attempted to undo the damage of his deception, and made explanations in the Biston Journal, in 1839, and at a public meeting at Comeant about the same date, in which she declared that her husband had no intention of having his book used in the way it had been; that it was an nounced as having been discovered in a cave merely to increase its sale; and that this fact, together with the air of antiquity which her lusband had given it, suggested the idea to Rigdon, Smith, and others, of converting it to the purposes of delusions. Said she:

"Thus a historical romance, a pure fiction, containing a few pions expressions, and extracts from the sacred Scriptures, has been construed into a new Bible, and palmed off upon a company of poor deluded fanatics, as Divine." THE MORMONS IN OHIO.

In 1830, Joseph Smith received a vision from the Lord, declaring that the seat of the New Jerusalem was to be at Kirtland, near the borders of Ashtabula County, and soon after they gathered there, all the widely scattered converts to the Mormon faith. A temple was erected, the remains of which are still standing; a bank was established, and a magnificant swindle inaugurated by Smith, Rigdon, Brigham Young and others, who filled the country with a worthless wildcat currency. But the honest settlers of the district, who had all the time distrusted the sincerity of the Mormon leaders, determined to purge the fair Reserve of them, and there began what is knewn in the annals of the Mormon Church as "the persecution of the Saints." Rigdon and Smith were dragged from their beds at night, and tarred and feathered; vigilantes patrolled the country to prevent the frequent thefts and murders of which they were suspected, and finally, in 1838, after seven years sojourn at this New Jeresalem, Smith, Rigdon, and the other leaders left secretly one night, to avoid the indignation of the citizens, and took refuge at Nauvoo, Ill., where they were soon after followed by the "Latter Day Saints," in a body.

THE ROMANCE OF ASHTABULA COUNTY.

and certified, and to be delivered to the electors on or before the day on which they are required, by the preceding section, to meet.

SEC. 137. The electors shall vote for President and Vice-President, respectively, in the manner directed by the constitution.

SEC. 138. The electors shall make and sign three certificates of all the votes given by them, each of which certificates shall contain two distinct lists, one of the votes cast for President and the other of the votes for Vice-President, and shall annex to each of the certificates, one of the ists of the electors which shall have been furnished to them by direction of the executive of the State. lowed by the "Latter Day Saints," in a body.

THE ROMANCE OF ASHTABULA COUNTY.

Judge Riddle, of Washington, formerly a resident of Ashtabula, and, early in the war, a member of Congress from an adjoining district, has written a novel entitled "Bart Ridgley," supposed to be, to a certain extent, autobiographical, the scene of which is laid around Kirtland, in Mormon times, and the plot of which involves, with great interest, the eccentractities of the Mormon leaders, and the incidents of their stay at Kirtland.

Longfellow says in the preface to one of his stories, that romance, like lichens and moss, needs ruins to make it grow, but in Northern Ohio, where there are no ruins, where everything is fresh and thrifty, where the farm-honses are always newly painted, and the barns are as clean and neat as pantries, there have been romances as tragic as any that ever grew along the ruins of the Rhine.

HISTORICAL PAMILIES.

of the lists of the electors which shall have been furnished to them by direction of the executive of the State.

SEC. 139. The electors shall seal up the cortificates so made by them; and certify upon each that the lists of all the votes of such State given for President, and of all the votes given for Vice-President, are contained therein.

SEC. 140. The electors shall dispose of the certificates thus made by them in the following manner:

1. They shall, by writing under their names or under the hands of a majority of them, appoint a person to take charge of and deliver to the President of the Senate, at the seat of government, before the first Wednesday in January then next enaming one of the certificates.

2. They shall forthwith forward by the post-office, to the President of the Senate, at the seat of government, one other of the certificates.

3. They shall forthwith cause the other of the certificates to be delivered to the Judge of the district in which the electors shall assemble.

SEC. 142. Congress shall be in session on the second Wednesday is February succeeding every meeting of the electors, and the certificates, or so many of them as have been received, shall then be opened, the votes connted, and the persons to fill the offices of President ascertained and declared, agreeable to the constitution.

According to Democratic ethics it is right

ACCORDING to Democratic ethics it is right and sweet and beautiful for Democrats to claim doubtful States for Tilden on meagre and partisan testimony, but when Republicans claim them for Hayes, on much better evidence, it is infamous fraud, Radical rascality, etc. Democrats are close reasoners.—Indianapolic Journal.

With the exception of the pyramid of Cheops, the spire of the Strasburg Cathodral, 464 feet in height, has hitherto been the most elevated building in the world. It has now been exceeded by the lately completed spire of the Rouen Cathodral, which is 490 feet high. Longfellow, Whittier, Loweli, and Emerson visit him, and talk together under his elms.

Judge Ranney, the leading jurist of Cleveland, made his start in life here. He is a prominent character in Riddle's noved, "Bart Ridg oy."

Senator Stewart, of Emma Mine fame, spent his early days here, until he went to California with the "Argonants of '49," and still visits Ashtabula frequently. He owns the family homestead on Centre Street, which is at present occupied by a widowed sister.

WITH the exception of the pyramid of Cheops, the spire of the Strasburg Cathedral, 464 feet in height, has hitherto been the most elevated builting in the world. It has now been exceeded by the lately completed spire of the Rough Cathedral, which is 490 feet high.

THERE is said to be an old gentieman in England who has found the true elixir of life to be the food of infancy. He always has fire wet numes "an tap," and grows "fat and well inking" as he verges ou contensation.